

## the trauma of a lion's death by reddieforlove

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**Summary:**

Mike doesn't really know what to do about the crying girl sitting in the middle of his university's courtyard but he knows that he can't just ignore her.

## the trauma of a lion's death

### Author's Note:

This is ridiculous and I'm sorry for it.

**If you would like to send me any prompts, you can go [right here](#). Anonymous or not, canon, au, fluff, angst, aged up, whatever you want goes with the exception of noncon/dubcon.**

Mike wasn't usually one to walk up to strangers, especially not at school. After experiencing the worst that his peers had to offer in elementary, middle, and high school, he really had no desire to continue being bullied in college. He found that if he stuck with his friend group, he was mostly ignored. It was a good rule and one that he stuck to religiously. Well... usually. But he just couldn't bring himself to walk away from the girl he saw sniffing on a bench in the middle of the quad, headphones in her ears and tears slipping down her cheeks as she watched something on her phone.

He had been enjoying the shade beneath a tree and reading through an assigned chapter when she sat and let out a shuddering sob that was probably louder than she meant it to be. Mike had been sitting there frozen with indecision ever since. Mike knew that he should say something to her. It was the right thing to do. But there was something about her thick dark curls and fairly perfect face that kept him right where he was, hoping that someone else could come along and comfort her. It was the middle of the damn day, why was the quad suddenly so empty?

It was only when she whimpered a little and wiped furiously at her cheeks that he knew he couldn't just sit there anymore. Pushing to his feet slowly, Mike walked over and hesitantly reached out, waving a hand until she noticed it in her peripheral. Her head snapped up and dark eyes, red-rimmed and filled with wetness, met his. She stared at him with slightly parted lips for a moment before tugging her headphones out of her ears. Her eyes flitted over his shoulder and

she must have seen his backpack beneath the tree because she looked horrified.

“I’m bothering you,” she said, her voice slightly hoarse as she turned away to gather her things.

“No,” Mike said quickly,

She looked up at him again, looking as though she didn’t quite believe him.

“I just... are you okay?” he asked.

Her eyes widened a little with surprise and she glanced down at her phone before looking back up at him.

“Yes,” she said.

It was Mike's turn to look doubtful.

“You’ve been crying for the last ten minutes,” he said.

She huffed, pushing away some of the curls that had fallen in her face.

“My friend gave me bad advice,” she said.

Mike didn’t really know what to make of that. He couldn’t imagine bad advice affecting anyone that deeply but he came to the conclusion that it depended on what the advice was about and just how bad it was. Before he could speak, torn between wanting to say something and having no idea what to say, she thrust out her phone towards him. Mike glanced from her to the device and back before carefully taking it in one hand. There on the screen was the last thing that he really expected to see. A confession from a cheating boyfriend, perhaps. Not the Lion King.

“Have you seen it?” she asked, sounding deadly serious.

Mike looked up at her, fully aware that the look on his face was beyond shocked.

“Yeah,” he said, nodding as he handed the phone back over. “Yeah, haven’t you?”

She shook her head, blinking quickly as if she was trying to hold back her tears again.

“I didn’t watch many movies as a child,” she said, slipping her phone into her backpack. “My friend gave me a list of what to watch. I didn’t know that the father would die.”

Mike suddenly realized exactly what was going on. He didn’t see it before but she was definitely on the scene right after Mufasa’s death. What had been a traumatic part for most children, this girl was experiencing as an adult. Mike didn’t really know how he would react if the situation were reversed but he certainly didn’t blame her for crying. It was a sad damn part.

“Have you watched Bambi yet?” he asked, the words slipping out before he could stop himself.

Her eyes widened and she shook her head.

“Might want to have a friend there when you do,” Mike advised, catching himself at the last minute. “Not the one who gave you bad advice though.”

She looked almost terrified as if she already knew why he was warning her.

“You must think that I’m silly,” she said.

“No,” he said, shaking his head quickly. “I think it’s okay. More than okay. I haven’t watched the Lion King in years but I’m pretty sure I’d tear up at that part too.”

“Bambi too?” she asked, looking up at him.

Mike nodded, somehow not afraid to admit to this stranger that he had a habit of becoming emotional. When she stuck her hand out, he stared at it for a moment before she spoke again.

“I’m El,” she said.

“Mike,” he told her, shaking her hand once.

When they released one another, Mike was torn between stepping away and wanting to talk to her more. He didn’t want to be a bother but there was this tug in the center of his gut that told him she was worth talking to. He wanted to get to know her. As he tried to sort through this existential crisis, El showed that she was the far better decision maker as she pulled her backpack up onto her shoulder.

“Mike?” she said.

“Yeah?”

He was eager to hear what she would say, even though he knew it might be a simple goodbye. She looked hesitant to continue, worrying at her lower lip with her teeth for a moment before lifting her chin with determination.

“Would you watch Bambi with me, please?” El asked.

He stared at her in surprise for a moment before a smile slowly spread across his face and he nodded.

“I’d like that.”

**Author's Note:**

I would love to hear what you think!